
Title: Rememberance: A Euology

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I am not rich. What I
own is what I carry on
my person. What I keep
sacred, I keep in my
heart. I cannot command
great halls, nor do I have
a king's ear to whisper
into. I don't have the

ability to order armies,
nor the arcane prowess
to bend the ether. Far
from my grasp are the
abilities to conjur the
elements, raise the dead
(if I had, this
rememberance wouldn't
exist!), and mould the
shadows. My prowess with
a blade is as ineffectual
as my skill with hammer
and tongs. All I have are
my memories. My
memories of my father.

My father had lived in
Moonglow most of his
life, and had often
professed his love for
the great island nation.
However, he had originally
hailed from the humble
working town of Minoc. It
was there that, at a bit
younger than my own
current age, he had fallen
in love with a
blacksmith's daughter.
They eloped, leaving behind
them the mines, sweat,
and hardwork that
characterizes Minoc, and
left for Moonglow. The
militia was recruiting, and
my father saw an
opportunity to prove
himself and be part of

something greater than himself (which is saying a lot considering how much he loved himself at the time). My father and his wife (I say this for she is not my mother) lived happily in a small shack on the isle and trained diligently. They had sworn their fealty to the island nation, and dedicated their ever-growing martial skills to keeping peace there. I have heard great many tales of my father. A number of people have, I am sure. He fought the orcs, led by Grishnak, in a great number of skirmishes and battles. He battled tirelessly against the Regency during the battle of Stonegate. He warred to bitter ends against the Order of the Ebon Skull. In his life, he had fought many foes, conquered lands, created an army, and destroyed many others. I could go on, but you might accuse me of hero worship. This is not the case, as there are a great many things which my father had done which are not to be commended. He had swooped in to sack as many towns as he had ridden out to save. He had betrayed dear friends. He had lost himself on more than one occasion in tankards of ale. He even at one point became addicted to some nefarious substance which hailed from Umbra. But in spite of the heroics and dastardly acts, he was just a man; one who had lost everything in the end.

I remember my father's cabin, nestled away in the far south-west corner of Moonglow. That is where

he lived with my mother
until their end days. It
sat on the coast, and
had been the center for
many joyful memories
that I keep cherished
even now. My mother was
beautiful, and smart, and
I have no difficulty
figuring out why my
father loved her. I know
he had a reputation for
being quick with a smile
and a wink, but once he
found my mother, he
changed. When she was
gone, he was wounded far
worse than in any battle
he had ever been in. The
house was empty without
her. He was empty
without her.

With him gone, and the
cabin as well, I am on my
own. My father did not
prepare me for this
world. He did not teach
me how to fight, though
he had been regarded as
one of the strongest
fighters. He did not
teach me about history,
though he had been part
of much of it. He did
not teach me any
practical skills of survival,
though he had honed his
own over the years. But
I can not put blame on
him. He did not teach me
because he did not want
me to follow his path.
Although there was much
glory on my father's
path, there was
tremendous sadness and
despair that often
threatened to consume
him whole. I have only
heard whispered rumors
regarding some of the
things that my father
had done in despair, and
if even half of them are
true, then I can feel
nothing but pity and
remorse for him as a
man.

He did leave me with
some advice. If I ever
need a dedicated friend, I
can seek out a man
named Tai Kwan Leap. If
I ever need a good story
or song, I can seek out
someone by the moniker
Silent Poet. If I ever
need some of the best
equipment ever crafted, I
can seek out Tatiana
Alexi. I know not who
these people are, but
they must have meant a
great deal to my father
to remember them so
fondly even after he had
forsaken everyone else.
My father was a lonely
man before his end. He
had sent me away for
the basics of education in
the Lycaeum in Moonglow.
I was not there when the
fire claimed his cabin. I
was not there when my
father did not leave the
cabin. I know not for
sure if he tried to leave,
but I heard rumor from
those neighboring his
property that they only
saw him walk into his
cellar and did not see
him walk back up before
the fire. He had a large
wine cellar.
Nothing was left of the
cabin when I recieved the
news. I sifted through
the debris, but there was
nothing left to claim. A
new house had been built
rather quickly in its
place, and the last time I
went to that spot, I
wrote this remembrance.
Father... Dad, I just hope
you know that for all of
your accomplishments, I
commend you. For all of
your sins, I forgive you.
You are my father, and I
love you.
Rest in peace Galathan of
Moonglow, formerly of
Minoc.

-Skylocke